Thou hadſt bin better haue been borne a dog,
Then anſwere my wak'd wrath.
Iag. Iſt come to this?
Ot. Make me to ſee't,or at the leaſt ſo proue it,
That the probation,beare no hinge,nor loope,
To hang a doubt on: or woe vpon thy life.
Iag. My noble Lord.
Oth. If thou doeſt ſlander her, and torture me,
Neuer pray more,abandon all remorce;
On horrors head,horrors accumulate:
Do deeds,to make heauen weepe,all earth amaz'd,
For nothing canſt thou to damnation adde,greater then that.
Iag. O grace,O heauen defend me,
Are you a man,haue you a ſoule or ſence?
God buy you,take my office,--O wretched foole,
That liueſt to make thine honeſty a vice;
O monſtrous world,take note,take note O world,
To be direct and honeſt,is not ſafe,
I thanke you for this profit,and from hence,
Ile loue no friend,ſince loue breeds ſuch offence.
Oth. Nay ſtay,thou ſhouldſt be honeſt.
Iag. I ſhould be wiſe,for honeſtie's a foole,
And loſes that it workes for.
Oth. By the world,
I thinke my wife be honeſt,and thinke ſhe is not,
I thinke that thou art iuſt,and thinke thou art not;
Ile haue ſome proofe: her name that was as freſh
As *Dians* viſage,is now begrimd,and blacke
As mine owne face: If there be cords,or kniues,
Poyſon,or fire,or ſuffocating ſtreames,
Ile not endure it: would I were ſatiſfied.
Iag. I ſee ſir,you are eaten vp with paſſion,
I doe repent me that I put it to you;
You would be ſatisfied.
Oth. Would,nay,I will.
Iag. And may,but how,how ſatisfied my Lord?
Would you,the ſuperuiſion groſſely gape on,
Behold her topt?

Oth.